

Icy Terror (Adopted)

by fictionette.4.life

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Summary: Turned into a Night Fury and thrown into a strange world, the one and only Jack Frost has to learn to adjust. But when a familiar threat strikes the Viking island of Berk, Jack has to step up to the plate and defeat the Boogie Man and get back to his own home. That is, if the Guardians can convince him to return.

1. Chapter 1

****THIS STORY WAS ADOPTED FROM **katyuana**! I don't own HTTYD or ROTG!****

Sunlight filtered in through the frigid air. A figure lay in the rising snow drift. Its body was long and catlike almost; except for the scales. The dragon, as that was what it was, was snow-white, not a single drop of color. The eyes were unknown to us as it was sleeping peacefully, not at all bothered by the biting winds. The clearing was visited often by the young dragon trainers of Berk.

Far off, another dragon, identical except for the black scales and the forest green eyes, flew around the clearing. A young boy rode the large dragon, giving position numbers and smiling in success.

"Alright, Toothless! Let's have a plasma blast!"

The black dragon complied, shooting a blast out of its open mouth, which exploded above the trees. The black dragon roared in success and the loud noises disturbed the white one's slumber.

The white dragon blinked open its icy blue eyes. The dragon felt wrong, its body longer and heavier than he felt comfortable with. He tried to move but his limbs refused to obey and slipped from underneath him. The dragon growled in frustration, then seemed surprised at the sound it had made. He looked at himself then gave out a large roar of surprise. His body was gone! Instead of what he

was used to, he was a dragon! He beat his wings shocked and terrified. Suddenly, he stopped. Wings..? HE HAD WINGS!? Oh Mim, what was happening to him why can't he ever get a break!? First Pitch and now he's a dragon!? What will the Guardians think?

Meanwhile, the boy and the black dragon paused when they heard the other roar, confused. "What was that, bud?" The boy murmured to his dragon. Toothless seemed to know, his eyes wide and excited. He dropped, much to the boy's surprise, and landed gracefully on the snow-covered grass. The white dragon, who sat in his snowdrift, was near invisible to the two, but as icy blue eyes stared out at them, wide and confused, the pair finally noticed with the same reaction. He looked a bit scared as to who the dragon and boy was.

The brown-haired boy gasped when he saw the other dragon. "No way..." Toothless stared happily, for now he knew he wasn't the last. Maybe, just maybe, he would have a friend.

2. Chapter 2

Jack was panicking.

He was panicking because he was in a different body. He was a DRAGON! That warranted a little panic. Oh gosh where was his staff? He needed it! _Okay hold up Jack _he thought to himself. Right now he had to deal with the people now.

Jack stared at the two. They stared at him; Jack knew they could see him. He was huffing and his large blue eyes were scared.

The boy seemed to realize that Jack was scared and crouched down to show he meant no harm. Jack stared at him. The boy whispered to Toothless, "Do something!"

Toothless, knowing customs of dragons and whatnot, sniffed at Jack. Jack snuffled at them. Calmed slightly, he edged closer to them. The boy was calm. He reached out to the dragon. "Good dragon. It's okay, we won't hurt you. It's okay."

Jack understood what the boy was saying. He seemed trustworthy so Jack decided to stop edging over and just get there. He padded over and sniffed at the boy's hand.

The young boy jumped at the sniff and slowly placed his hand on the white dragon's nose.

Jack leaned in to the contact, closing his icy eyes, much like Toothless had.

He then leaned away, and looked at the other dragon, who was staring at him. He tried to speak, "What happened?" but all that came out was dragon growls and warbles. Jack paused and tried again, "What?" but that only evoked more dragon speak. Frustrated with his inability to communicate, he stomped the ground angrily. Toothless knew what he was saying and answered him. " What do you mean, what happened?"

Jack jumped at Toothless's voice, as he did not expect to understand the other dragon.

"Well, I'm a dragon..."

Toothless snorted. Hiccup gave Toothless a strange look. Toothless retorted, "And so am I. What of it?"

Jack looked frustrated. "I'm not supposed to be a dragon! I'm a person, a spirit!"

Now the black dragon was thoroughly confused. Hiccup, a little tired of being ignored by the dragons, butted in. "Okay, um, Toothless I assume you are talking to him?" Toothless nodded at Hiccup. "Okay then. Um, what is he saying?" Hiccup realized that his question was stupid and tried to take it back. "You know what, never mind. Let's just..." Hiccup paused, not exactly sure what to do now. Take the albino Night Fury back with him? How did he know that the Night Fury would even follow him? But he couldn't leave him here? Besides, his dad didn't want another dragon in the house, Toothless was enough for him. Hiccup turned away slightly, trying to make up his mind.

Jack, thinking that Hiccup was going to leave him, had another mini panic attack. Jumping up to them he near yelled, "No! Don't leave me, please!" Of course, instead of being the words he wanted, they came out as a terrified roar. Hiccup looked scared by the roar, but Toothless only looked saddened by the white Night Fury's panic. The dragon wouldn't be left behind; not if Toothless had anything to say about it.

Toothless spoke to Jack reassuringly, "Hey sad scales, we aren't going to leave you. You're going to stay with us, okay?"

Jack could only nod, slightly embarrassed by his unexpected show of emotions; he tried to keep them from surfacing like that. His cerulean eyes were downcast and had a kicked puppy look to it. Toothless and Hiccup were powerless to it. Hiccup found himself caving to those eyes and found himself taking the albino dragon to the village of Berk. Great. What was he going to tell his father?

3. Chapter 3

Jack tripped over yet another root. Was this forest full of roots? Jack grumbled and shook to rid his snowy body of dirt and leaves. His paws (is that how you called dragon feet he wondered) were awkward compared to his human feet.

Toothless was silently laughing Jack's clumsiness. The black dragon thought that Jack was really a Night Fury and not the winter spirit. Because why would you think that the dragon over there was really a spirit transformed in a yet to be discovered process into a Night Fury? Toothless was about to get a wakeup call.

"Hey Snowy, hurry up. It's getting dark out here," Toothless called out to the lagging Jack.

Jack glared at Toothless. "My name's not_Snowy, _it's Jack Frost."

"Weird name, Snowy." Jack growled. His dragon instincts, which came

complimentary of his dragon body, were already kicking in. He was growling and baring his teeth at roots like any other dragon.

Hiccup took notice of how clumsy Jack was and wondered about it. However, the night darkening, the upcoming village posed a good question. Where was Jack going to stay?

Not in the academy, that's for sure. Hiccup had a bad feeling about leaving the white dragon alone with their equipment. Maybe with himself and Toothless? It did seem best; Toothless, being another Night Fury, would be best at helping the dragon fit in.

Suddenly, a bright blast flitted by him. Yelping, he scrambled out of the way. The blast hit a unsuspecting tree straight on. Hiccup winced, waiting for the tree to explode by the blast, but was shocked to see it frozen solid! Hiccup stared at it, then to the certain ticked off dragon it came from.

"Whoa. Wha- You shoot ice? And you look like snow piles. A-are you like a snow fury or something?" Hiccup felt silly talking to the 'snow fury'.

Jack apparently thought so to because he snorted and shot another innocent tree. Toothless, who had originally been angry at Jack for almost shooting Hiccup was now joining Jack in destroying the tree population.

Two dozen trees were either exploded or frozen before Hiccup managed to get the both of them calmed down enough to stop killing trees. Toothless, easy enough, a few pats and he was good. Jack, not so much. It required Hiccup's greatest weapons for dragon calming, both actually.

First, he tried dragonnip. That backfired in the worst possible way. While later, Jack would crash, right now he was as jumpy as a rabbit. Hiccup sighed as he watched the ticked off, jumpy from too much nip, white dragon blast yet another tree. The area where they had stopped was now a winter wonderland and Hiccup couldn't help but admire the glittering ice on the trees. Jack was on the warpath.

Toothless was itching to get trees too. Despite having no grudges against trees, he was in the spirit of tree genocides.

* * *

><p>Finally, after about an hour, Jack crashed.<p>

He was suddenly sleepy and could barely stand. He paused just before attacking a helpless bush. What was he doing? For some reason, he felt hazy and rather dizzy. If he could remember, he would remember that he had spun in a circle for ten minutes straight. But he was a bit out of then.

Hiccup, half frozen and almost asleep, was visibly relieved by Jack's confused expression, which signified he was back to normal. Or sort of normal.

Toothless had watched Jack's dragonnip induced craze with interest was impressed. The forest looked like a ice castle.

Hiccup said to the confused dragon, "Alright Snowy-" Somehow he had picked up the name "- let's get you to Berk. There aren't any roots."

Eventually they made it to Hiccup's house. His father was amazed by Jack's appearance but was skeptical about him living in the house like Toothless. This resulted in Hiccup and him having a rather large argument and Jack's puppy look. The look was the deciding factor and he agreed to allowing Jack to stay. And somewhere along the line, Jack was named Snowy.

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